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Glimpses of Sebastopol. I passed on, says the same writer, to the portion of the town at the base of the slope; and here, for the first time, I got a glimpse of the utterly unknown extent of the injury which had been done to the town itself by our fire. As viewed even with the aid of a good glass from our most advanced parallel, not a tithe of the mischief was visible, except amongst the houses opposite the French left attack. But even here, in a portion of the place, which everybody supposed to be comparatively uninjured, nothing but ruins meet the eye. Shot and shells have smashed in roofs, penetrated and knocked down walls, and, in fact, left nearly every building one come to, crumbling and shapeless masses of battered masonry.

Nearly every house, says the correspondent of the *Post*, must have had some architectural pretensions; the rows of pillars and columns are incessing, and from the visible remains I should say it ought to have been one of the prettiest places in the world. The cleanliness was astonishing, even where barricades had been erected. The fronts of some houses appeared so perfect that, with the aid of a strong imagination, you could almost fancy you were riding in a nice town, where nothing had happened, and in other parts you were only visiting the scene of a disastrous fire, and presently expected to get beyond the pale of its rage; but alas! wherever you went, all, all was alike—never was destruction and desolation more complete: never had men worked more successfully to destroy their own work.

Soldiers Pilfering after Battle. On gaining the summit of the opposite slope, on and beyond which the main body of the town is situated, French, and nothing but French, were to be met with, the majority of them drunk, and all laden with every conceivable kind of plunder. Chairs, tables, looking-glasses, church ornaments, poultry, kegs of brandy, mattresses, bed clothes, cooking utensils—every domestic moveable, in fact, that ever figured in a catalogue at the City Auction Mart, was being carried or dragged along by our light-fingered Allies, whilst only at long intervals was an Englishman to be seen with a single article, and in three instances I found Frenchmen disputing their right even to these.

Although ruin, says the same writer of another section, had swept like a storm over this quarter, too, the consummating touch of French fingers had been wanting to perfect the desolation, and it had not been withheld; benches, doors, windows, and every internal article of furniture worth carriage to their camp, had been borne away, and what would not have repaid this trouble was all smashed to pieces. Little enclosures of flowers and ornamental trees fronted many of the houses; but even these had not escaped the gratuitous wrecking which had been every where perpetrated; upturn rose bushes, roots of dead tulips, camellias, daisies, and the like, met the eye and foot at every point along the street on which this little floral nook had abutted, as if sheer love of ruin had been as strong an impelling motive with the destroyers as their unsparing itch for plunder itself.

HOW THE ENGLISH NATIONAL DEBT ORIGINATED.

England spent 36 millions of pounds in the Revolutionary war. when William of Orange ascended the throne—29 millions thereof had been borrowed.

62 millions were spent in the Spanish war from the 23d of Oct. 1739, to the 30th of April 1748—28 millions borrowed.

112 millions in the war of seven years—60 millions borrowed.

136 millions in the American Revolutionary war from 1774, to the peace made in Paris, the 30th Nov. 1782—120 millions borrowed.

464 millions in the French Revolutionary war from the 1st. of Feb. 1793, to the peace of Amiens, 1802—200 millions borrowed.

1156 millions in a war with Bonaparte from April 1803 to the 18th June, 1814—388 millions borrowed, and 771 millions raised by taxes.